



*E. S. Murray  
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THE

# SONGS OF THE GAEL :

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.



PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

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MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

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AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,  
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;  
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;  
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

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C O N T E N T S.

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L O V E S O N G S.

	PAGE
Horo, mo Nighean donn bheidheach,	<i>Horo, My Brown-Haired Maiden.</i> 1
Banarach donn a Chruidh,	<i>Bonnie Brown Dairymaid.</i> 4
Mo Mhali bheag òg,	<i>My Dear Little May.</i> 7
Mo Chailin dileas donn,	<i>My Faithful Brown-Haired Maid.</i> 14

E L E G I E S.

Cumha Uisdein Mhicaoidh,	<i>Lament for Hugh Mackay.</i> 13
Cumha Iain Ghairbh Rarsaidh,	<i>A Raasay Lament.</i> 6

O S S I A N I C.

Leabaidh Ghuill,	<i>The Bed of Gaul.</i> 3
Laoiadh do'n Ghrein,	<i>Ossian's Hymn to the Sun.</i> 8
Brosnachadh-catha,	<i>Ancient War-Song.</i> 16

H U M O R O U S.

H-ugaibh, h-ugaibh, bo, bo, bo!	<i>At You, at You!</i> 15
Tuireadh an t-Suiriche,	<i>The Wooer's Wail.</i> 10

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

Och, och! mar tha mi,	<i>Och, Och! How Dreary.</i> 2
Morag,	<i>Jacobite Song.</i> 5
Cailleach Beinn-a-Bhric,	<i>The Spectre Hag.</i> 11
Oran an Uachdarain,	<i>Song to the Chief.</i> 12
Sgiobaireachd,	<i>Skipper's Song.</i> 9

# SONGS OF THE GAEL.

## 1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B♭.—Beating twice to the measure.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,  
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,  
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd.  
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal  
Gu heil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort,  
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faonndradh  
Cha chaochail mo run.

Nuar bha ann ad lathaир  
Bu shona bha mo laithean,  
A sealbhachadh do mhanrain  
Is aille do gnuis.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,  
Na h-eigh is caomha nadur,  
I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,  
Lan grais agus muir.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,  
Far beil mi ribhinn gheannar,  
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,  
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,  
The beauty that thou bearest,  
Thy witching smile the rarest,  
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging  
My love is not estranging,  
My heart is still unchanging  
And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,  
To see thee and to hear thee,  
These memories still endear thee  
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,  
Best, kindest, demurest,  
With which thou still allurest  
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling  
My darling has her dwelling;  
A fair wild rose excelling  
In sweetness is she.

## 2—OCH, OCH! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*

(. s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . s : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . )  
 (Och, och! mar tha mi is mi 'nam | aonar, A dol troimh | choill far an robh mi | eolach,  
 Och, och! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me!

(. s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . t : d<sup>1</sup> , l | s : m . d : r . m | d d . )  
 (Nach fhaigh mi ait' ann am fhearrann duthchais, Ged phaighinn crun airson leud | na broige.  
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhimu an fhuaim leam a dhuisg o m'shuain mi,  
 'Se tighinn a nuas orm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann,  
 An ciobair Gallda 's cha chord a chainnt riun,  
 E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,  
 Cha cheol air gheugan, no geom air mointich,  
 Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,  
 Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanttan arda,  
 'S an fhearrann aigh 's an robh Fionna a chomhnuidh:  
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caorach bhana,  
 Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

Na glinne chiatach 's am faigheadh fiadhach,  
 'M biadh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,  
 Cha-n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,  
 'S sur duibhe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,  
 Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;  
 Nach bocht an seugl e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uislean,  
 'S na balach shnarrach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring  
 The long-sought slumbers around me falling?  
 The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,  
 Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful  
 With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,  
 The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,  
 And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather,  
 Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,  
 Are white with sheep now for miles together,  
 And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered  
 And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,  
 Are now the home of the long black-fingered  
 And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

The ancient customs and clans are banished,  
 No more are songs on the breezes swelling,  
 Our Highland nobles alas! are vanished,  
 And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling.

Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

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30 MAY 1958

### 3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*

{ | d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m | }  
 { | o | caraibh, a chluana nan teud, Leabaidh Ghuill is a dheo-greine | lamhris, }  
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be-side him,

{ | d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t, : - | s, : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d | }  
 { | Far am faicear a leabaidh an cein, Agus geunga is airde 'ga sgabile. }  
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo seithi darraig a's guirme blath,  
 Is luaih' fás, agus dreach a' buanie,  
 Bhruchdas duilleach air anail na frois  
 'S an raon bhi seartga m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomall na tire  
 Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,  
 Is laidhidiach eun mar a thig e  
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,  
 Is oighean a seinn air Aicibhar-chaoimh;  
 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhuibh so,  
 Cha sgarar bhur cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an erion gu luaihthe a chlach,  
 'S an searg as le nois a gheng so,  
 Gus an sgur na sruthan a ruith,  
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois  
 Gach filidh, is dán, 'a abharr-sgeile,  
 Cha'n fhearaich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?'  
 No 'Cia i comhnuidh Rígh na Strumoin?'

This green spreading oak is his bower,  
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;  
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower  
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,  
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,  
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—  
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

Evircoma shall hear how her praise  
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish ;  
 Till everything round us decays,  
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,  
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,  
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,  
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run  
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,  
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son ?  
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon ?

## 4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.

{ r | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : t . d' | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . d : f . m | s : d' : m' }  
 { A | bha - na - rach mhlogach 's e do ghaol 'thug fo chis mi 's maththig lamhainnean  
 O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

CHORUS.

{ r' : - . d' : l . s | d' : - . m : d | r : - . r | d | r : m : s | l : - . r : f }  
 { sioda Air do mhin-bhosaibh ba - na. | A | bhan - a - rach dhonn a chruidh,  
 maid - en That ne - vers shall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,

{ r' : d' : l | s : - . m : d | r : m : s | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . m : d | r : - . r |  
 { Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh, Cailin deas donn a chruidh, Cuachag an fhásach.  
 Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,  
 A' leigell mairt ann an coillidh.  
 Dh' ialach eunlaith gach doire,  
 Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhàrrain.

Ged a b' fhonnmhór an fhidheal,  
 'S a teudan an righeadh,  
 'S e 'bheireadh dànn's air a' chridhe,  
 Céil nighnean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,  
 Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,  
 'S g'm b' ait leam r' a lérissin  
 Boillsgeadh éibhim cil Mairidh.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein  
 'G a crathadh m' a cuasan,  
 A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,  
 An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fasaich.

Gu'm bu mhòthar mo bheadach,  
 'Teachd do'n bhualidh mu 'n eadh Rath,  
 Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,  
 'S buarach greasad an ail aic'.

A banarach dhonn a' chruidh,  
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh  
 Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,  
 Cuachag an fhásach.

When Mary is singing  
 The birdies come winging,  
 And listen, low swinging,  
 On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure  
 To hear the sweet measure  
 That's sung by my treasure,  
 The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming  
 Around her is beaming,  
 It's glowing and gleaming  
 On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary  
 Trips gaily my dearie,  
 With foot never weary,  
 As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty  
 Is charming and pretty,  
 She's wise and she's witty,  
 She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid,  
 Fairy maid, dairymaid,  
 Bonnie blythe dairymaid,  
 Maid of the dairy.

## 5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.

{ d , d : d , d . - | d , d : d , l , | l , . l , : l , , d | r , r : r , m . - }  
 Mhorag chiatach a chuil dualaich 'Se do luaidh a tha air m 'aire,  
 Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo-tion.

{ r . d : r | m , r : d | m : m , m | r , d : l , , s , | l , d . : r | m , r : d ||  
 Agus o Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag.  
 Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn  
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.  
 'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghrugach  
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.  
 O cha leigim thu do'n bhuaillidh  
 Obair thruaillidh sin nan cailean.  
 Gur h-i Morag grinn mo ghuinag  
 Aig am beil an cuaillein barr-fhionn.  
 'S gaganaach, bachlagach, cuachach  
 Ciabhadh na gruagaich glaine,  
 Do chhil peucach sios na dhualaidh  
 Dhalladh e uaisleann le latnir,  
 Sios 'na fheoirneinean mu'd ghuailnean,  
 Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainin.  
 'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag  
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.  
 'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal  
 Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruig,  
 A rachadh le sgiathair 's le claidhean  
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,  
 Chunartaicheadh dol an ordugh  
 Thoirt do chòrach mach a dh'aideoin.  
 A righ, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad  
 Nuair a thairneadh iad an lannan.  
 H-ile cloth a luaidh iad riagh dhuibh  
 Dh' fhad fad e gu ciatach daingeann.  
 Teann, tigh, daingeann, fighte, luaidh  
 Daite ruadh air thuar na fala.  
 Greas thairis le d' mhathan luadhaidh  
 'S theid na gruagaichean se mar-riut.  
 Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going ;  
 Soon come back across the ocean.  
 Bring a band of maids for spreading  
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.  
 Thou shalt not go to the steading,  
 Leave vile work to loon and varlet.  
 Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,  
 With her lovely locks in cluster,  
 Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,  
 Gleaming bright with golden lustre ;  
 Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,  
 Dazzle nobles who behold her ;  
 Yellow tresses round her streaming,  
 Fall in cascades on her shoulder.  
 Many a lover has my lady,  
 In the mainland and the Islands ;  
 Many a man with sword and plaidie  
 She could summon from the Highlands,  
 Who would face the cannon's thunder  
 Armed and for her honour plighted,  
 Driving hostile bands asunder  
 Bound to see our lady righted.  
 Certes, but our maids are clever  
 When they get their weapons ready,  
 Many a web they've sorted ever  
 Firmly handled close and steady,  
 Thick and close and firm in pressing,  
 Bloody-red, a dye unfading ;  
 Come then with thy maids for dressing,  
 We are ready here for aiding.  
 Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady.

Author—ALEXANDER MACDONALD. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Morag represents Prince Charlie.

## 6—CUMHA IAIN CHAIRBH RARSAIDH—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—Slow, and with feeling.

f: s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d : m, r | d : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d : l<sub>1</sub> | l . s : - : d<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | l : l<sub>1</sub> : d<sub>1</sub> |  
 { S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaolite gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn  
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

### CHORUS.

r : d : m, r | d : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r . r : - : r . m | l : - . d : r . d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : r . m |  
 { ao . trom, O Dhi-hao - fine mo dhu-nach. Hi-il ò ho bha hò Hi-il  
 cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee-il ò ho - va hò Hee-il

r : l<sub>1</sub> : d | l : - : d' s | l : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : - : r . m | l : - . d : r . d | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> |  
 { ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ro o-bha eil - ie.  
 ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò - ro o-va ei - la.

Cha tog mi fonn aëstrom,  
 O Dhi-haoine mo dhu-nach :  
 O'n a chailleadh am bâta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an curidh.  
 O'n a chailleadh am bâta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an curidh :  
 'S i do ghuala bha lâdir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhûir thu.  
 'S i do ghuala bha lâdir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhûir thu ;  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 "Tha mo ghrâdh-sa bho'n uiridh  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 "Tha mi ghrâdh-sa bho'n uiridh :  
 Gun siod' air do chluasaig,  
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.  
 Gun siod' air do chluasaig,  
 Fo lic naine na tuinne ;  
 Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhu-nadh,  
 Fo dhruichdadh nan uinneag.  
 Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhu-nadh,  
 Fo dhruichdadh nan uinneag ;  
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,  
 'S cha triall fad do'n mhonadh.  
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,  
 'S cha triall fad do'n mhonadh ;  
 Do fhrith nam beann arda,  
 No gu ard-bhêinn a' chuilinn ;  
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn,  
 Gun fhaolite, gun fhu-ran.

Since the day of my sorrow  
 I am weary with wailing,  
 Since the loss of the boatie,  
 Where the hero was sailing.  
 Since the loss of the boatie,  
 Where the hero was sailing,  
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,  
 Though the sea was prevailing.  
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,  
 Though the sea was prevailing,  
 Now he lies in the clachan  
 Whom I am bewailing.  
 Now he lies in the clachan,  
 Whom I am bewailing,  
 And a green grassy curtain  
 His cold bed is veiling.  
 And a green grassy curtain  
 His cold bed is veiling,  
 His sword in its scabbard  
 The rust is assailing.  
 His sword in its scabbard  
 The rust is assailing,  
 His hounds on their leashes,  
 Their speed unavailing.  
 His hounds on their leashes,  
 Their speed unavailing,  
 No more shall my hero  
 His mountains be scaling.  
 No more shall my hero  
 His mountains be scaling,  
 Sitting sadly, I sorrow,  
 Heavy-hearted and ailing.

## 7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.

1 | s ,s :m ,s | d' :s ,f | m :r ,d | d :-.s | d' ,d' :r' ,d' )  
 Nach truagh leat mi's mi prio - san Mo Mha - li bheag òg? Do chairdean a cur )  
 Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I

{ t :l .s | l ,t :l ,s | s :-.m | r ,m :s ,l | d' :r' ,d' )  
 binn orm, Mo chuid de'n tsaoighal, thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'Snam )  
 languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No

{ d' ,t :l ,s | s :1 .t | d' ,t :l ,s | d' :s ,f | m :r ,d | d :-.||  
 pagan mar na fioguis, Is tu nach fhangadh shios mi le mi-ruin do bheoil! ||  
 kisses could be dear - er. Than thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

Di-domhainch anns a gheann duinn,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,  
 Mo chuid de'n tsaoighal mhor;  
 Nuair dh' fhosgail mi mo shuilean  
 'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh  
 Eha maraich an eich chruithaich  
 Tigh'n du air mo lorg.  
 Is mise bh' air mo bhuaireadh,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Nuair thain' an slughu mu'n cuairt duinn,  
 Mo ribhinn glan ur;  
 Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin  
 A thuit mo lamb' o m' ghuallain,  
 Mu'n d'amais mi do bhuiladh,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og.  
 Gur boidhche leam a dh' fhas thu,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Na'n lili anns an fhasach,  
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;  
 Mar aiteal caoin na greine  
 Am maduinn chiuin ag eiridh,  
 B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais  
 Mo Mhali bheag og.  
 Ged bheirte mi bho'n blas so,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,  
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;  
 B'anna 'n tsaoighal's flagail,  
 'S gu'm faicinn 'tadann ghradhach,  
 Gun chumhinn' bhi air an am sin  
 'S an d' fhadh mi thu chiuirt.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,  
 My dear little May;  
 Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee  
 Along yon green brae;  
 We met with words endearing,  
 No evil were we fearing,  
 When horsemen came careering  
 In angry array.  
 My heart with anger bounded,  
 My dear little May,  
 To see us thus surrounded,  
 My lady so gay;  
 Oh, withered let this arm be  
 That ever chanced to harm thee,  
 I never would alarm thee,  
 My darling young May.  
 Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,  
 My dear little May,  
 Than lily sweet, perfuming  
 Some glen far away,  
 Like morning glory gleaming,  
 Along the mountains streaming,  
 So was thy beauty beaming,  
 My bright little May.  
 What though my life were spared me,  
 My dear little May,  
 Now if can never shared be  
 With kind little May!  
 I long to go, and never  
 From thee again to sever,  
 And there forget that ever  
 I wounded my May.

Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady. Translation by L. MACLEAN. The air is very popular in the Highlands, but is claimed by the Irish.

## 8—LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN— OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B $\flat$ .

f: 1. | s. : - : I. | s. : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : I. | s. : - : I. | s. : - : I. | d : - : I. | I. ; - }  
 { o thou - sa fein a shiubblas shuas, Tha cruinn mar lan 'sgiath chruaidd nan triath,  
 O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,

f: 1. | s. : - : I. | s. : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : I. | I. ; - }  
 { Cia as a ta do dhearrs'gunghruaim, Do sho - Ius a ta bnaidh a Ghrian?  
 Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?

f: 1. | d : - : I. | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | I : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : - }  
 { Thig thu - sa mach 'nad'áil - le threin, Is fal - uichidh na reul an triall,  
 In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be-fore thee flee,

f: r | m : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : I. | I. ; - }  
 { Theid ghealach sios gun tuar o'n speur, 'Ga clea - tha fein, fo stuaidh'san far.  
 The pal - lid moon for-sakes the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus' ad astar doi a mháin,  
 Is co dha'n dhaibh' ad chòir?  
 Feuch, tuithidh darag o'n chruaich aird,  
 Is tuithidh caru fo aois is scòrr,  
 Is traighidh agus lionadh 'n cuan,  
 Is calllear shuas an rē 'san speur,  
 Tha thus' ad aon a chroidh fo bhuadhain,  
 An aobhneas bhuain do shouin fein!  
 Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm,  
 Le torrunn bòr is dealan beur  
 Seallaind tu'nad hill' o'n tòirm,  
 'S flannh gáire 'n bruaillean mòr nan spèur.  
 Ach dhomhnaidh tha do sholus faoin  
 'S nach fhairn mo shuill a chaoiadh do ghnuis,  
 A sgaoileadh cul a'orbhul' ciabh  
 Air aghaidh nial's a mhadhain ur,  
 A sgaoileadh cul a'orbhul' ciabh  
 Air aghaidh liath nan nial's an ear  
 No nuair a chrithean tu's an ear  
 Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.  
 Ma dli' fheudte gu bheil thu's mi fein  
 'An an gu treun' gun fleum 'an an,  
 Ar bliadhnaibh tearnadh sio'n speur  
 La chéile siubhal chum an ceann.  
 Bioldh aobhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,  
 A thriath 'ad òige nearthior ta!  
 Oir's dorch' mi-thaithean thu an aois  
 Mar sholus faoin an rē gun chàil,  
 Eho neoil a sealunnit air an raon,  
 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan carn,  
 An osag fhuar o thuath air rèth,  
 Fear siubhal do bheud 'se mall.

Thou movest in thy course alone,  
 And who so bold as wander near?  
 The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,  
 The hills with age shall disappear.  
 The changing main shall ebb and flow,  
 The wanling moon be lost in night;  
 Thou only shalt victorious go,  
 For ever joying in thy light!  
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,  
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,  
 Thou gazest lovely through the rack  
 And smilest in the raging sky.  
 But oh! thy light is vain to me!—  
 Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,  
 When thou art streaming wide and free  
 'O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,  
 When thou art shedding wide and free,  
 'O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,  
 Or trembling o'er the western sea  
 At night's dark portals backward rolled.  
 Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I  
 From strength to weakness both descend,  
 Our years declining from the sky,  
 Together hastening to their end.  
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!  
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might!  
 Age is a dark and dreary time,  
 Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.  
 Struggling through broken clouds in vain,  
 While to the hills the mist hangs gray;  
 And northern gusts are on the plain,  
 Where toils the traveller on his way.

Translation by L. MACBEAN. One or two lines altered which were imperfect in original.

## 9—AN SGIOBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.

f: d ,t : d ,d | d' : s ,l : s ,f | m .d : r ,m : f ,l | s  
 Ballaist 'chur 's na cruinn, Cha chuir innte | tae dhuinn, Siùil a chur ri | druim,  
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast

f: m ,d : m ,m | r .d : d ,t : d ,d | d' : f ,m : f ,l | s  
 Cha chuir sginn'a h-astar; Siùil 'chur os a cinn, Cha dean iùl do'n | luing  
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?

f: l ,d' : t ,d' | s : t ,d : m' ,m | r .d : d ,t : d ,r | m .f  
 'S pump gun' chean's an taom Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith. Nach e'cum bhos | glagach,  
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,

f: s ,f : m ,x | m .d : f ,d' : t ,l | s : d ,d : m ,m | r .d ||  
 'Null's a nall, 's air tarsainn? Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn, 'S gleus gach buill as al - tan.  
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a - wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tairanteachd dhuinn  
 Toirt ar curam seachad,  
 'G radh "Na abair dûr,"  
 Tha 'n Insurance beairteach;"  
 'S iomadh aor 'ba'n duil  
 Nach robh meang 'n an chis,  
 D' a thrid 'chall air eurs',  
 Dh' easbhaidh diùdh us facill,  
 'S riaghach nach d' rànaig dhachaidh  
 'Dh' ionnsaideh seòlaidh acair',  
 'S nach do sheilbhich stir  
 Dheth na b' tìdh leo 'ghlacadh.  
 Ged robh sinn 'a'n luing,  
 Pait an luim 's an achtuinn,  
 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cint,  
 Feum gach buill us beairte;  
 Ciod an stàth 'bhos dhuinn  
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn  
 Air gach ball 'bhos innt',  
 Mur 'bì simm'g an cleachdadh?  
 Feumar còrd 's an acair',  
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,  
 'S ris gach sruth us gaoidh,  
 'N combaids cruinn a leantainn.

Sad would be our plight,  
 If, with mad assurance,  
 We should caution slight,  
 And trust to the insurance.  
 Many a witless wight,  
 Sure that he was right,  
 Lost his bearings quite,  
 All from being heedless;  
 Thinking care was needless,  
 Land at last despaired of,  
 He was lost in night,  
 And never more was heard of.  
 What though we were packed  
 With plenty of equipment,  
 And knew what every tract  
 And tool about the ship meant!  
 Knowledge so exact  
 Might as well be lacked,  
 If we do not act.  
 The anchor to be able  
 To keep the vessel stable  
 Must have a proper cable,  
 The compass all compact  
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

# 10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOORER'S WAIL.

KEY E♭.

*Lively.*

Chorus—*Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuin na cruinn - eig, Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuin na cruinn - eig, Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie, Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,*

D.C.

*Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na ghleann, Cha dir - ich mi bruth - aich ch'a'n ur - rain mi ann', I'll gang - to the val - ley a cour - tin' mae mair, Nor gang to the val - ley I'm trach - led ower sair.*

S  
*Song—Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - e gu snas - uhor a ghrobadh, A sheall - tuin na h-bagh - e tha thall - ad a chomhuidh, On my shoon I put batches of el - e - gant patches, My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly,*

D.S.

*S a ghluais mi, cho cool - mhor ri smeor - ach air chraunn, Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo - gu'r e ghor - aich a lb'ann, And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song; Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a long.*

Bha m'innith lan sniogart nuair rainig mi'n ninnceang,  
"Smi cincteach gun cuimh a chruimhneach riun calinnt,  
Nuair dh'fhasgall l'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,  
"S ann thaon an trulla an cumhan m'an cheann.

Cha teid mise tuile, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,  
"Iha 'mathair sa h-athair a laochair le sgraiting,  
Thuit ceo air mo leisrinn 'us m'anail gam threigheann,  
An Rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuilean an eabar an dunain,  
Mo bhrigis m'am ghluinteann 'san cu oirr an geall,  
Bu mhiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi falchan m'a-hinsich,  
Aig unneag a seomair ri spors air mo chailf.

Mar phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhasgall mi an churraidh,  
Mo chaiseart 'san runnaich, 's mo thrilus has gheallann,  
"Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altrom mo chreuchdhan,  
"San ionad nach leir dhomh an breid a chur teamn.

Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigheach gu duineil,  
Ged gheilbhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,  
Nac teid mise tuile a cheilidh no 'shuiridh,  
"Snach fhaclear mo luidceagan tuile 'sa ghleann.

Wi' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',  
I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;  
I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',  
She stopped me by throwin' about me the pail.  
Nae mair, etc.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,  
My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;  
Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for hitin';  
I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',  
The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,  
But the thing maist annoyn' was to see her ongoin'  
Lookin' oot and enjoying my terrible plight.  
Bad luck to the woon', it's been my undoin',  
My breckis are a ruin, my bachelis are gone,  
And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'  
My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!  
I'm wovin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'  
That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,  
Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Mallie,  
I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH."

Translator—L. MACBEAN.

# 11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.

|| d . d : r . m | s . l : m , r | m . m : r . m | l . s , m : r | d . d : r . m | s . l : m ||  
 Cailleach mhór nan ciabhadh glas, Nan ciabhadh glas, nan ciabhadh glas,  
 Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag

|| m . s i : d . m | r . d | d | d . r : m . d | l . s : s , f | m . r : m . d | t , l . s , m : r |  
 || S acfhuinneach i shiubhal chàrn, Cailleach mhór nan ciabhadh glas, Nan ciabhadh glas, nan ciabhadh glas,  
 walks the moorland fast and free. Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag,

CHORUS.

|| d . r : m . d | l . s : s | s . s i : d . m | r . d : d | d . d : d . s | m . m : m ||  
 Cailleach mhór nan ciabhadh glas, || S acfhuinneach i shiubhal chàrn, Cailleach Beinn-a'. [Bhric, ho-ró, ]  
 Great and hoary - headed hag Walks the moorland fast and free. Hag of Ben a Bhric, horo,

|| m . r : m . m | s . m : m , x | m . d : d . s | m . m : m | r . s i : d . m | r . d : d |  
 Bhric ho-ró, bhric ho-ró, Cailleach Beinn-a'. Bhric, ho-ró, Cailleach mhór an shuarain aird ||  
 Bhric ho-ro, Bhric ho-ro, Hag of Ben a Bhric, horo, Spectre mountain hag is she.

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
 Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath;  
 Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
 Cha'n fhaca sime 'leithid riabh.

Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn,  
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Chum thu mi gu'n bhein, gun sealg.

Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Air an traigh ud shios an de.

A charaileach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Dh' imlich sligeann dubh an traigh.

Ochan ! is i'n doirionn mhor  
 An doirionn mhor, an doirionn mhor  
 Ochan ! is i'n doirionn mhor  
 A chuit mis' an choilidh ud thall.

Cha'n ioghnadh mi bli dubh, horo,  
 Dubh horo, dubh horo,  
 Cha'n ioghnadh mi bli dubh, horo,  
 Hi-ule la a muigh, o-h-i.

Cha'n ioghnadh mi bli fluch, fuar,  
 Fluch fuar, fluch fuar,  
 Cha'n ioghnadh mi bli fluch fuar,  
 Hi-ule h-uair a muigh gu brath.  
 'Sann an sudha' bhuideann fhiadh,  
 Bhuideann fhiadh, bhuideann fhiadh,  
 'Sann an sudha' bhuideann fhiadh,  
 Seachad an sliah dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,  
 Grisly paw, grisly paw,  
 Such a hag we never saw,  
 Never, never did we see.

Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,  
 To the hill, to the hill?  
 She has wrought me muckle ill,  
 Kept her deer away from me.  
 She was with her flock of deer,  
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
 Yesterday she had her deer  
 On the beach along the sea.

The Hag : I would not take my flock of deer,  
 My flock of deer, my flock of deer,  
 I would not take my flock of deer,  
 To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan ! it was weary woe,  
 Weary woe, weary woe,  
 Ochan ! it was weary woe  
 Sent me to yon wood to dree !

No wonder I am black, horo,  
 Black horo, black horo,  
 No wonder I am black, horo,  
 When I am always out, O hee.  
 No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,  
 No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 When out for ever I must be.  
 But yonder is the flock of deer,  
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
 But yonder is the flock of deer,  
 Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

## 12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—*With spirit.*

*Seisid.* { | m ,s :1 ,t | l ,s :m | m ,m :d' ,d' | t :t .r' | m ,l :1 ,s }  
*Cho.* { Faill ill 6 ro, faill ill 6 | Faill ill 6 ro, eil - e, Hi | ri - thil uithil  
 Fal il 6 ro, fal il 6 Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil uhil

FINE.

{ | l ,l :t ,l | l ,s :r ,r | m :m .r | m .s :1 ,t | l .s :m , }  
 a - gus 6, 'S na thugaibh hóro eil - e. Gur mise tha trom airneulach  
 i - hil 6, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes,

D.C.

{ | r | m .m :d' ,d' | t :t .d' | r' ,d' :t ,l | l .s :1 ,d' | t ,l :s .l | s.m .- | m , }  
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaoth an ear a gobachadh, 'scha'n'i mo thogairt fein i.  
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging.

Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh,  
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;  
 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn,  
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.  
 Faill ill, etc.

'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn  
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh  
 Gu'n tigeadh oirrn am báta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.  
 Gun tigeadh oirrn am báta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach  
 Uachdaran na tir' oire—  
 Mo dith ma dh' eireas beud da!  
 Uachdaran na tir' oire—  
 Mo dith ma dh' eireas heud da!  
 Uachdaran na dutch' intte—  
 Gu bheil mo dhúrachd fein leis.  
 Uachdaran na dutch' intte  
 Gu bheil mo dhúrachd fein leis  
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte  
 Far am bi na fidhleirean,  
 'S na píobair ann gan gleusadh.  
 Far am bi na fidhleirean  
 'S na píobair ann 'gan gleusadh  
 Ach 's mise tha trom airneulach  
 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill  
 Of eastern winds are stinging,  
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging.  
 Fal il óró, fal il 6, &c.

Yes, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging,  
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging.  
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging,  
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.  
 Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,  
 For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging.  
 For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging,  
 Oh would that he right gallantly  
 His way to Sleat were winging.  
 Oh, would that he right gallantly,  
 His way to Sleat were winging,  
 Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harp and pibroch ringing.  
 Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harps and pibroch ringing,  
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,  
 No heart have I for singing.

# 13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

KEY A7.

{ 1, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , r | m : - . r : d , l, | d : - . r : l, , d }  
 { Nach cruaith an | guth so th'aig an | t-sluagh, Eho'n deach thu | luath's a dh'earb iad  
 Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasan-

{ s, : - . l, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . d : r , m | s : - . l : m , s | r : - . ||  
 { riut; Tha ghaoir cholcu - mantraig daoin', uaisl', Aig mnáibh,aig tuath, 's aig searbhán - tan;  
 try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has sciz'd on chief and peasantry;

{ m : l, l, | s : - . f : m , s | r : - . l, : d , r | m : - . r : d , l, | s, : - . }  
 { Cha'n eil bho'n Tòrr gurug an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh' thalbh thu | huaain,  
 In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There's none at all speaks cheerfully ;

{ 1, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . m : s , d | s : - . f : m , r | r : - . ||  
 { A's urrainn còmhradh mu' na bhòrd, Ach túirseach, brò - nach, marbhran-nach.  
 Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan eodach fhéin,  
 Tha'n sligheg gu lèir cho cismhorach.  
 Ach aon thòrt anna' gun aon feart-fhàth.  
 'S an robb' gach bualadh cho fasmhorach.  
 A phears' gu lèir, a dreachas 's a chéill,  
 Anns nach bu lèir dhunim falligheadh;  
 Mach bho'n éug bhi 'eur 'au céill  
 Nach' eil gach cré ach básmhorach.

'S lloinmor cridhe 'thuit a mhàin  
 Mu'n cuairt, air là do thidhlacaladh,  
 'Bha 'g earbasadh cinnteach ri do linn  
 'Ehi suidhich' an imntinn shliorbhheartaich  
 Bha iona ceud dhe d'fhine fein  
 A' deanamh téuna mar ionraigh dhiot;  
 Ach dhearrbh am beum so dhunim gu lèir,  
 Nach 'eil fe'n ghréin ach dliomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr  
 Am breith, 'an pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh?  
 Nò co an t-aon a sheasaas d'alt'  
 Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'ionndraichinn?  
 Gach beag 'us mòr gach seann 'us òg,  
 Le gal, 'us déibir ga'n ceannsachadh.  
 Ge tric le bròn 'bh' tuislaich òirn',  
 Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dhetb.

It is not private loss or woe  
 That makes the blow so rigorous,  
 But his sad fate whom none could hate,  
 With mind so great and vigorous.  
 For none could find in heart or mind,  
 A fault in kind or quality.  
 Now he is not, though we forgot  
 Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom  
 That round thy tomb stood silently;  
 Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—  
 By death destroyed so violently.  
 By clansmen prized and idolised,  
 His worth disguised humanity,  
 But this fell blow, alas! will show  
 There's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,  
 Wit, wisdom, worth adoring him;  
 And none can fill his place but ill  
 Of those who will be mourning him.  
 The hearts are wrung of old and young,  
 The mourner's tongue is falling him,  
 Oh, never more shall we deplore  
 One man so sore bewailing him!

# 14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.

Gu ma slan a chi mi a chailin di - leas donn! Bean a chuailein

reidh, air an deis' a dh'eil-readh fonn; 'Si cainnt do bheoil a's binn leam, nuair la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar-rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, has

bhitheas m'aintinn i trom, 'S tul thog-adh suas mo chrihlh'nuair a bhif'dh tu bruidhinn riuum. oft my grief al-layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up-on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muladach a ta mi,  
'S mi nochd air aird a' chuin,  
'S neo-shundach mo chadal domh,  
'S do chaidreann fada nam;  
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;  
As d'aogaitsa th mi truagh;  
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaostainn  
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suill chorragh mar an dearcag,  
Fo' rosg a dh' iadhas dlù;  
Gruidhean mar an caoran,  
Fo' n'aodann tha leam ciuin;  
Aidichead le eibhneas  
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;  
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la  
O'n uair a dh'fhas mi thu.

Theireadhl iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,  
Gu 'm bu shearbhan dol dol ad choir,  
Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,  
'S gun dhiliut mi dhuit mo phog.  
Na cuireadhl sid ort curam,  
A ruin, na creid an sgaole;  
Tha d' anail leam nis cubhraidh,  
Na'n driuchd air bharr an feoir.

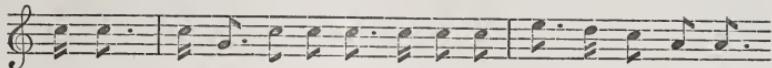
My lot this night is dreary  
Upon the surging deep,  
And comfortless my slumber  
When far from thee I sleep.  
But back to thee, my maiden,  
My restless thoughts shall sweep,  
And few shall be my years  
If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes  
Thine eyes are soft and clear;  
Like rowans, 'neath thy placid brow  
Thy glowing cheeks appear.  
Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,  
That I have held thee dear,  
And since I had to part from thee,  
Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had  
Erguen my choice to rue,  
That I forsook my maiden  
And from her kiss withdrew!  
Let not the story grieve thee;  
My love, it is not true:  
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter  
To me than morning dew.

# 15—H-UGAIBH ! H-UGAIBH !—AT YOU ! AT YOU !

KEY C.



{ d', d' . — | d', s . — : d' . d' | d' , d' : d' . d' | m' , r' : d' . l | l . , }  
 H-ugaibh ! h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair Leodach 's biodag air,  
 At you ! at you ! bo, bo, bo ! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' , r' : d' . d' | d' , l : s . s | s . , f : m , d | d }  
 Faicill oirbh 'san taobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh ! ||  
 The doctor with his Dirk may go, And take the head off some of you !

Biodag 's an deach 'an gath-seirg  
 Air erios seilg an luidealaich ;  
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,  
 Gur maирg an rachadh bruideadh dhi.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,  
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn ort,  
 An saighdear 's miosa th'aig righ Deors',  
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Claidheamh, agus sgnabhd dearg,  
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,  
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,  
 A dh'fheadh marbh gun anail iad.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,  
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliongartaich ;  
 Cha'n 'eil falceag thig o'n traigh,  
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

See on his belt, with rags and dust,  
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;  
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,  
 If he should get a thrust of it.  
*At you ! &c.*

As fencer bold he used to swing  
 His sword, but made so small a stir,  
 The poorest soldier of the king  
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.  
*At you ! &c.*

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts  
 And clumsily he carries them ;  
 He chops the heads off cormorants  
 And hews and hacks and harries them.  
*At you ! &c.*

Brave at his side the sword must be  
 That he must clank and rattle with ;  
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea  
 But he will boldly battle with.  
*At you ! &c.*

Translation by L. MACDEAN.

## 16—BROSNAGHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*


  
 f. l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - }  
 { A mhacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumannach dàn air magh,  
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - tle prance,


  
 f. l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||  
 { Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrios sios gun dith Ar naimhde, righ nan sleagh!  
 Oh, win renown, Ourfoes cut down, O king of spears, advance!

Lamh threin 's gach càs!  
 Cridh' ard gun sgath!  
 Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!  
 Gearr sios gu bàs,  
 Gun bhàrc sheil bhàn  
 Bhi snàmh mu dhubb Innis-tore.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal  
 Do bhuille, laoich,  
 Do shuil mar chaor ad cheann,  
 Mar charraig chruinn  
 Do chridh' gun roinn,  
 Mar lasan bìch' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,  
 Is crobhaidh nial,  
 Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis,  
 A mhacain cheann,  
 Nan cursan srann,  
 Sgrios naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!  
 Brave heart in fight!  
 With swords and lances keen,  
 O'er foes prevail,  
 Let no white sail  
 Round Innistore be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,  
 Like thunder crash,  
 Like lightning flash thine eye,  
 Thy heart a rock,  
 In battle shock,  
 Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,  
 And let it blaze  
 Like death-star's baleful light,  
 O chief renowned,  
 Whose chargers bound,  
 Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.

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